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Bowel,
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Every dose

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DANCING.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetherill's classes in
Dancing Academy, Masonic Building, Jackson
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ber 2nd, 8 to 10:30 p. m. Adults, Monday, Sep-
tember 24, 8 to 10:30 p. m. Childrens class un-
der the direction of Mrs. Wetherill and Miss
Mame Smith. Hall for rent for select parties.
For terms call or address at Academy.

ICE CREAM
As you like it.
J. K. Jones, Druggist,
501 KANSAS AVE.

Prescott & Co. have removed to No.
118 West Eighth street.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Mis-
cellaneous columns reach each working
day in the week more than twice as
many Topeka people as can be reached
through any other paper. This is a fact.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure
all cases of malaria. Sold by druggists
Price, \$1.

"There is a Salve for every wound."
We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve,
cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores,
as a local application in the nostrils it
cures catarrh, and always cures piles.
J. K. Jones.

We mean business. Do you? Then fit
yourself for it by study during your
spare hours in the evening with the
Homoeopathic Preparatory School of
Medicine.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay
City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding
water over her little boy. She promptly
applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve,
giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully
good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and
a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

Ladies admire Ayer's Hair Vigor, for
the rich luster it gives the hair. It re-
stores original color.

IS THIS POSSIBLE?

Are the Advanced Women Agitated Merely
Because They Are Not Beautiful?

Six wood cuts of advanced women
recently published by a newspaper are
calculated to suggest to the beholder
several thoughts of a painful nature.
Making all allowance for the well
known shortcomings of the woodcutter
—recalling indeed more finished por-
traits—these she-males are homelier
than artistic sin or unlearned virtue.
Flashing a dark lantern into the caves
and subterranean passages of memory,
where such objects are packed away—
especially of nights after a late dinner
—not one face favored by heaven out
of the whole pack of advanced women
smiles into view. Some there are that
in youth may have been prepossessing,
but there is no record that at that re-
mote period they were advanced. Of
the younger recruits there is not one
that a man would turn his neck to look
at—not one, not one. And we all know
that there are men that will walk back-
ward to stare at any woman decently
good looking.

Now, the question naturally arises,
Would these same women be advanced
if they were possessed of that divine
prerogative of their sex—beauty? If
they were even round and rosy and pret-
ty? It is all very well to talk about the
commanding strength of heredity and
curtailed power of the environment, but
just transform an ugly woman into a
pretty one, and she will leap from pes-
simism to optimism like a torrent of
water that has been unaturally dam-
med.

For men make this world a very
pleasant place for pretty women even
for those who do not take undue lib-
erties with the decalogue. Most women
with beauty marry young and are quite
content to let some one else fight the
battle of life for them. If they make a
mistake, they quietly divorce the de-
ficient party in the contract, and, with
ripened judgment, marry again. Those
who don't marry and are forced to earn
their own living find the way much
easier if they please the eye of man, and
naturally they take an optimistic view
of life.

I am not prepared to deny that they
meet many bold, bad men in the finan-
cial arena, but a keen witted girl can
manage any man, and such trials are
not to be mentioned in the same hour
with the dreary, hopeless, mud footed,
backbone wilted tramp of the homely
woman. The latter will "get there,"
of course, if she has brains and persis-
tence, but no success can compensate for
that bleak and mortifying retrospect. No
wonder she carries mesomorphic man
even from the platform and in the po-
lenoidal novel. She would be justified
in cursing the whole scheme of creation.

Many of the prominent advanced have
had a decent enough time of it finan-
cially. But just as surely as their view-
point is stunted and warped they are
plain, and man has not made their desert
blossom like the rose. The world is all
wrong to them, and they would make
it right by shouting denunciation of
man as he is spoke, not reflecting that
shouting ruins the inflections of the
voice and distempered thoughts turn
the complexion green and life blue.

The odd part of it is that these women
when they write their novels invariably
make their propagandist heroines
beautiful. Bewitchingly, seductively,
stormily, regally or graciously beautiful
are these young women of paper who
would resolve man into his elements
and remake him after a pattern which
would immediately bring the human
race to an end. These writers paint
women that physically represent all
they themselves yearn to be, never re-
flecting that those pretty heads would
not harbor their own distorted and in-
digo views of life five minutes. In the
hands of a man author those same hero-
ines would make the pages hum.

But these wood cuts suggest another
alarming question. Is beauty on the de-
cline? For the ranks of the advanced are
now many and many thousands strong.
The suffrage movement, the temperance
movement, the anti-man movement, the
anti-in-general movement, all of which
may be grouped under the general
head of womanism, are filling space like
a mighty flock of crows and hiding the
light of the stars. Of course their chil-
dren—if they condescend to have any—
will be hideous, and the ultimate pros-
pect is awful, for nothing that the hu-
man brain can evolve can ever take the
place of beauty, whether it be beauty of
face, of art or of a mountain under a
purple mist. And as these women are as
absolutely without the sense of beauty
as they are without proportion and hu-
mor the natural result will be, if they
multiply and overrun the earth, that
beauty and the perception of it will dis-
appear.

If nature manages to survive, she will
be partitioned off into the tract arable
and the tract unarable and can change
her foliage to cinnamon plunk if she
lists, while, as for art, it will disappear
altogether. The only hope this planet
has is that man will respectfully but
firmly decline to marry the advanced
woman, in which case the evil will be
confined to the present generation. But
there are as many feeble souled males
in this world as there are distempered
females, and the danger lies in their
trembling admiration for and final ab-
sorption by the amazons of this im-
memorial quarter, in which case let us
all thank our several fates that although
we may be in at the death we will be
spared the contemplation of a misbegot-
ten posterity.—Gertrude Atherton in
New York Sun.

Joined the Salvation Army.
Miss Lamson and Miss Judson, two
society young women of Cleveland, re-
cently astonished their friends by join-
ing the Salvation Army. They have
been living in barracks in Cleveland
and will now receive final instructions
from General Booth. Both of the young
women gave up homes of luxury. Miss
Lamson's father is judge of the court of
common pleas, and Miss Judson's fam-
ily is quite wealthy.



CHEVIOT WALKING AND TRAVELING COWNS.

The figure at the left is a redingote of gray cheviot, tailor stitched, with velvet
revers and collar. The sleeves are plaited in at the wrist under buttons. The other
is a diagonal of tulle brown, trimmed with soutache in light tan. The lapels are
faced with bengaline. The vest is of tan china silk.

Polite.

Relations of courtesy between physician
and patient are always pleasant to see. It
is related that Dr. B. of Boston and Mr.
S., an old fashioned merchant who was
his patient, were both very polite men,
though the doctor was somewhat embar-
rassed in manner and occasionally made
queer remarks inadvertently.

Mr. S. at last came to his deathbed and
had but an hour to live. He was, how-
ever, extremely calm and collected.

The doctor came and sat at his bedside
awhile. He had other patients who need-
ed him.

"Go, go, doctor; don't let me keep you,"
said the dying man.
"Ah, nor me you," said the doctor, nerv-
ously rising.—Youth's Companion.

The "New Woman" Again.



He—Tomorrow evening your new play
will have its first presentation. May I
have the pleasure of your company on
that occasion?
She—I'm really sorry, but it's not quite
the thing which it is proper for a lady to
go to.—From the German.

The Irresistible Attraction.

"Thank you, Mary," said the young
man in trembling accents. "Oh, how
can I ever thank you enough! Here for
weeks you have been in the society of
brilliant military men, and you have not
yet lost your liking for a poor civilian like
me."
"George, dear," she said, "nothing could
ever shake my love for you."

It was the night of the ball. The par-
tisers of Mrs. Van Bilt were a dazzling
lot of beauteous shoulders and the cos-
tumes of men of rank.
George and Mary met in the conserva-
tory.

He eyed her questioningly. "Mary,
have you forgotten me? Twenty counts
and four noblemen have been at your feet
all the evening."

"What do I care for the nobility," she
said, "so long as you are here!"

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, I am a football player,"
Mary looked with eager eyes upon the
manly figure which confronted her. A
moment later they were in an animated
conversation.
Looking over his shoulder Mary saw
George approaching.

"Come," she said hastily, "let us get
out of the way of this man."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning George received a
package. They were the presents she had
sent him.—Chicago Record.

A cattle dealer arrived in Paris the other
day, with the intention of having his
portrait painted in oils. He applied to an
artist near the Madeleine and in conclud-
ing the bargain dwelt strongly on his
wish that the likeness should be striking
and unmistakable. The painter promised
that it should be so.

"Indeed," he added, "I will appeal to
the most disinterested judge possible—to
your own bulldog. We will show him the
picture and see whether he recognizes you."
Accordingly when the picture was finish-
ed it was brought into the dealer's
lodging, placed upon the floor, and the dog
was called in. He instantly ran up to
the portrait and began to lick it, wagging
his tail and showing every sign of delight-
ed affection. The grateful dealer, con-
vinced of the accuracy of the likeness, in-
stantly paid down the sum demanded by
the artist, quite unconscious of the fact
that the "counterfeit presentment" of his
manly features had been well rubbed with
a bit of bacon.—Tit-Bits.

Where Delay Was Dangerous.

A husband who had been out shooting,
but who had not been successful, rather
than return home empty handed stopped
into a shop and purchased a hare. There,
my ducky," he said to his wife on re-
turning home, "you see I am not so
backward with the gun, after all."

"Let me see."
"Isn't he a fine fellow?"
"My dear," said the wife as she carried
the animal to her nostrils and put it down
with a grimace, "you were quite right in
killing him today. Tomorrow it would
have been too late."—French Exchange.

Tardy.

Angry Customer—Hello, you, waiter!
Where is that oxtail soup?
Waiter—Coming, sir—half a minute.
Customer—Confound you, how slow
you are!
Waiter—Fault of the soup, sir. Oxtail
is always behind.—Tit-Bits.

Thoughtless.

Mrs. Brooks—You say the doctor didn't
get there until two hours after her dog
died? That's very strange.
Mrs. Banks—I don't think so. She sent
her husband after him.—P. and S. Bul-
letin.

Different Varieties.

Mrs. Hicks—If you were as polite as
you might be, you would offer to button
my shoes.
Hicks—No doubt, but I'm not that kind
of a hairpin.—New York World.

An Ingenious Plan.

Theatrical Manager—I find it impos-
sible to make use of your play. It is too
long for the stage.
Amateur Playwright—But can't you
lengthen your stage?—Truth.

A Correction.

"Well, old fellow, so you have taken
your marriage vows!"
"Yes, but I made one little alteration,
I said, 'With all thy worldly goods I me
endow.'—Life.

Accident.

"My husband fell in battle, I'd have
you know."
"Did he hurt himself?"—Detroit Trib-
une.

Appearance.

The time had come for them to part.
Tenderly he gazed at her in his arms.
"You will try to seem gay," he falter-
ed, "for my sake?"
She smiled bravely through her tears.
"Yes, Alfred. I will at least seem gay."

She spoke with firmness of settled reso-
lution now.
"I will bleach my hair."

He could ask no more, and such being
the fact he took his departure.—Detroit
Tribune.

Art.

"Do you care for art?" asked the wom-
an who was making a short call.
"Sometimes. My husband brought home
a lovely lot of engravings last night."
"What were they?"
"United States treasury notes."—Wash-
ington Star.

A Reminder.

A man with a donkey for sale, hearing
that a friend wanted to buy one, sent him
the following written on a postal card:
"Dear Jack, if you are looking for a
really good donkey, don't forget me."—
Tit-Bits.

He Was Missed.

Arriving Missionary—Do you have any
Thanksgiving dinner on these islands?
Cannibal King—You bet! I wish you'd
been at our last. You'd have been right
in it.—New York World.

Capable.

Wilks—I heard the girls talking today
about some fellow they said could make
any woman happy. I wonder who it is?
Jilks—Spriggs, the man milliner.—De-
troit Tribune.

Prepared.

"What! Going to bathe just after you
have dined? Why, you will get drowned!"
"No fear. I've eaten nothing but fish."
—Don Chiscotte.

Sliver Leaf vinegar remains in the
front. It is the best table and pickling
vinegar. Ask your grocer for it and take
no other. It is the cheapest.

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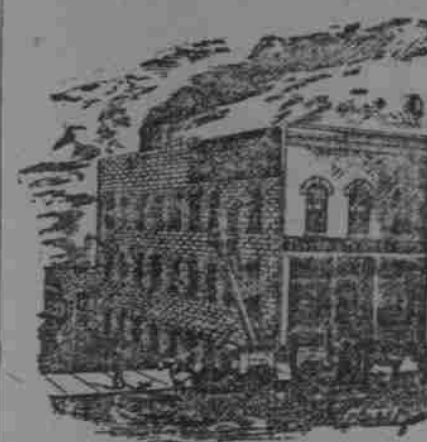
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HIS LIFE PRESERVER.

He Found It Very Uncomfortable Wear
for a Night-Cap.

Captain Westfall was, until seven
years ago, commander of a steamboat
plying on the Ohio river. The captain
happened to be on deck about mid-
night, when a "young fellow" came
dashing out of his room with a disas-
tressed look on his face. Of course, the
captain wanted him to be comfort-
able, and went up to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.
"I can't sleep," was the answer.

"Why, are you sick?"
"No, but I can't go to sleep with
one of those d—d things on," the man
grumbled.

"What things?"
"One of those life-preservers."

"What in the world did you get into
one of those circular life-preservers
for?"

"What did I do it for?"
"Yes."

"Why, isn't it the rule of the boat
that passengers are not allowed to
go to bed without having on one of
those concerns?"

The captain smiled. "You've been
worked," said he.

"What!" he gasped, shamefacedly.
"A cousin of mine warned me when I
left home to be sure and put on a life-
preserver or you wouldn't let me ride."

The young man slipped back into
the state room and the captain did
not hear from him further.

Where Lightning Is Most Destructive.

The continued and careful observa-
tions which the meteorologists of the
world have made during the past
twenty years only serve to strengthen
the remark made by the author of
"Abdill's Theory of Electric Storms,"
namely, "that the majority of fatal
and destructive lightning strokes oc-
cur in level, open country." Trees,
villages and thickly built up towns
and cities, by their numerous projec-
tions and their network of rails, wires,
etc., seem to neutralize or scatter the
electric forces, thereby protecting
both the animate and the inanimate
from direct strokes of the death-deal-
ing fluid.

Very Grand Ladies.

A visitor at an Irish country-house
once heard a new under-keeper from
Connaught telling a colleague from
the County Clare that the avenue
leading to his last employer's resi-
dence was forty-two miles long. "Re-
me sowl," said the Clare man, "it's
not meself that would like to be sat
down at the lodge gates on an empty
stomach within half an hour of din-
ner-time." After some further con-
versation, the Connaught man began
to dilate upon the splendor of his
late master's family. He reached a
truly dramatic climax by saying:
"An' every night of their lives at
home the ladies strip for dinner."

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been
used for teething. It soothes, softens
the gums, allays pain, cures colic. Best
remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Daily Mass Meetings.

No Griping, no Nausea, no Pain, when
De Witt's Little Early Rises are taken.
Small Pill. Best Pill. Best Pill. J. K.
Jones.

The Finney county fair will be no
"yellow pumpkin pie jelly" affair ac-
cording to its friends, but an all-round
exposition of the glories of irrigation.

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